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IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.

The New Governor. "WHAT ARE THE COMPARATIVE AND SUPERLATIVE OF BAD, BERTY?"
Berty (the Doctor's son). "BAD—WORSE—DEAD!"

A CHINO-JAPANESE CALENDAR.

(For the next Ten Years.)

1895. Treaty of peace signed between China and Japan, on the basis of the opening up of Chinese territory and introduction of machinery into the Celestial Empire. The Japanese prophecy that the compact will ultimately prove to be for the benefit of the Chinese.

1896. Japan floods China with home-made merchants, who obtain an enormous trade.

1897. England, America and France follow suit, and, after a pause, the remainder of the civilized world adopt the prevailing fashion.

1898. Japanese China becomes over-populated, thanks to the foreign invasion, and there is much discontent amongst the original inhabitants.

1899. The foreigners, having secured all the possible trade that could be obtained, commence the erection of manufactories.

1900. Japanese China challenges Birmingham, Glasgow, Lyons, and Marseilles on their own ground, and holds its own. It claims to be one of the most productive places on the face of the universe.

1901. The introduction of machinery having thrown the teeming millions of Japanese China out of work, there is great discontent amongst them.

1902. An enterprising citizen of the United States of America projects an emigration scheme for supplying the outer world with the superfluous population of Japanese China.

1903. The scheme of the citizen of the U. S. A. proves a great success, and sixty millions of Chino-Japanese are conveyed to the two worlds, the old and the new.

1904. The original inhabitants of Europe and America, undersold by the Chino-Japanese, are ousted from their positions and left without work. Consequently, great prosperity of the Chino-Japanese.

1905. Fulfilment of the prophecy, that the treaty of peace between China and Japan signed in 1895 was "really for the benefit of the Chinese."

WON'T WASH!

Or, The British Laundress's Lament.

[There is talk of a company for taking our laundry-work over to Holland, washing it there, and returning it to the owners at a less cost than it can be done for at home.]

In matters of laundry the fault of them Dutch,
 Is charging too little, and grabbing too much!
 They'd collar our collars, cut off with our shirts!
 The heart of a true washerwoman it hurts
 To think of Frows taking our time-honoured tub.
 What, travel to Holland to get rub and scrub,
 While soap and strong arms may in Britain be found?
 It's worse than them Stores! Furrineers may be found
 To do dirty work on the cheap, I've no doubt;
 But can old JOHN BULL know just what he's about
 In sending our work from his shores in this way?
 I'm sure it won't wash, and I 'ope it won't pay!
 Shall we to Mynbeer and his frowsy Frow truckle,
 While one English woman has arm, wrist, and knuckle?
 Forbid it, my sisters! My patriot 'eart
 Is up in my mouth at this ojus new start.
 There is an old proverb, and what do it say?
 It is the true laundress's motto, I say.
 But what in the world to JOHN BULL can 'ave come
 If he can't wash his own dirty linen at 'ome?

A MISMANAGED ACCIDENT.

HAVE just discovered that the pretty girl I met at the dance the other night is a lady nurse at Charing Cross Hospital. Such a nice girl! What a charming nurse she must be! Almost wish I was laid up at the hospital. In fact, quite wish it. But I can't be. Another outrage on the miserable, downtrodden, middle class. If I were one of the fortunate, pampered masses, a Working Man, I should be nursed by her, if I were ill, and by others, perhaps, like her. Stay! There is a chance. If I could be damaged in an accident—not too much damaged—and carried to the hospital, they must look after me, and nurse me. They couldn't help themselves. Northumberland Avenue—the very place! Never cross it without being nearly run over.

Go straight there and look eagerly for the usual rushing hansom. Here's one. Stroll in front of it. Driver pulls aside, shouts and swears at me, and goes on. Reflect that some caution is necessary. If the wheel went over my neck, even her ministrations would be useless. Must be run over judiciously. Better only be knocked down. Stroll across road again. Here comes one. Shouts from driver. A large splash of mud in my eye. And that's all. These cabmen drive so absurdly well. They pull up, or pull aside, or pull somewhere instantly. Wipe my eye, and then see something better. Old lady's brougham, from the suburbs, driven by the sort of coachman who also works in the garden. He won't be able to pull aside quickly. Stroll in front of horse. Shouts from gardening coachman. Horse nearly on me. Suddenly pulled back by fussy policeman, who says I had a narrow escape. Hang the fellow, of course I did! Am obliged to give him ten shillings for his prompt action. Begin to despair of this accident. Stroll on nearly to Embankment. Immense van coming along at a trot. Much too heavy. I should be smashed flat. And this driver seems to want to run over me. Escape with difficulty by jumping aside. At that moment something hits my legs, I am thrown down, and a wheel passes over my foot. It is a costermonger's donkey-cart which was racing the van. How ignominious! To be knocked down by a donkey and run over by a truck! Very painful too. Feel as if I should faint. Picked up by sympathetic people who rush to me. Say feebly to them, "Take me to the hospital." Then faint.

After a short time open my eyes. Am being carried in somewhere. At last! I shall forget the pain. I am in the hospital. She will nurse me! She—oh, heavens! Though I have planned it all, suppose I ought to murmur, "Where am I?" Do so. "In St. Thomas's Hospital," says somebody.

A fortnight later.—And I am in it still

ACCORDING to a paragraph last week in the *Westminster Gazette*, quoting from the *Australian Review of Reviews*, it appears that the Earl of YARMOUTH has been making a sensation in the Colonies as a "Skirt-dancer." Queer fish this nobleman! belongs to the Bloater Aristocracy.

A NOBLE PLUNGER.—One day last week in the *Times* appeared an article headed "*Lord Rayleigh on Waves*." Rather early for sea-bathing, eh? Evidently so, such prominence having been given to the fact by the leading journal.



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Mr. Punch (welcoming Miss Spring-time), 'GLAD TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR! BEGAN TO THINK YOU WERE NEVER COMING!'



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. XI.—AFTER BANK HOLIDAY.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Mr. Punch to Miss Spring:—

WELL, here you are at last, dear! Are the biting blizzards past, dear?

And will you guarantee us from subjection to the plumber?

Will no casual icy splinter from the serried spears of Winter

Put a chill upon your smile, and spoil the promise of the Summer?

We've been waiting worn and weary, till e'en cuckoo-songs sound

cheery.

And belated almond-blossoms show like roses of Cashmere:

And the cockney chaunt now flowing, "All-a-blowing and a-grow-

ing!"

Falls far sweeter than MASCAGNI upon London's longing ear.

Where on earth have you been hiding? We are in no mood for

chiding,

But mid-April's rather late, dear, for what should have come

in March!

What malignant hocus-pocus has kept back the plucky crocus,

Whose gold is scarce yet bursting from the beds the winds still

parch?

After that six weeks cold snap, dear, of fast frozen pipe and tap,

dear,

When back to barbarism and to bathlessness fate drove us,

And we sicklier grew, and surlier, if you'd come a *leotie* earlier,—

Well, let by-gones now be by-gones! But O Spring sweet! an you

love us,

Come—at last, dear—*à la* HERRICK, with such influence atmospheric

As will slay the Influenza; with such fragrance from your flowers,

As will knock Malaria silly; let your dear daffydown-dilly

From our bodies drive bacilli, and the blight from out our bowers.

Slay our Microbes, Spring, and bless us! Like a clinging Shirt of

Nessus

Morbid sickness surrounds us in our lives, our books, our art.

Oh, if sunshine and your breezes might but slay our soul-diseases,

Out the pestilent miasma that pervades the home, the mart;

Neutralise the nauseous virus whose developments so tire us;

Disinfect the New Parnassus, purge the New Pierian Spring,

Bring us honesty and health, dear, why for all our wit and wealth,

dear,

We might love like Nature's lovers, and like Nature's poets sing.

Ah! we need Spring's prophylactic!—But I'm getting too didactic

For a sunny April morning, and a sweet young thing like you.

My dear, the London Season, wrapped and furred out of all reason,

Has been waiting, decked like Winter, with a nose-tip nearly blue;

Waiting, waiting for your coming. Sweet as bees in clover humming

Is the first sound of your footfall. Most spontaneous of passions Is the love for you, you darling. You will bring the thrush and starling,

And the young leaves and the young lambs, and, what's better—*the Spring Fashions!!!*

So no wonder that she greets you with effusion when she meets you.

Ah, Spring! 'tis not your lilacs, and your daffodils and stocks,

Or the tender leaves the trees on, that most moves Miss London

Season,

'Tis the hope of "rippin'" frolics and the thought of "trotty"

frocks.

But an old man's heart, my treasure, beats to quite another

measure,

Still my sympathies, dear Spring, are with the youngsters and

with you.

They are looking for love's playtime, and the merry, merry May-time,

And the popular R.A. time, and the whole tohu-bohu!

Bring the girls delights as dowry, may their social paths be

flowery.

And your silver drops the only tears they need to look upon.

So they're wholesome, may they flourish; and may all Spring

influence nourish

True manhood and pure womanhood, and—there, my preaching's

done!

We need a true *Spring Clean*, sweet. Give us parks and gardens

green, sweet.

And laughter, like your bird-songs pure, un-satyr-like, though

clever,

Bless our boys, our girls, our babies, yes—and bring us back our

JAMES,

And we'll pardon your delay, and say 'tis better late than never!

OPPORTUNITY LOST BY MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS DURING A RECENT CASE WHEN HIS LORDSHIP MIGHT HAVE PUT IT TO THE JURY.—

"Gentlemen, what is the difference, or, as there has been no quarrel, let us say what is the distinction between a costumier and a butcher anxious to arrange his shop-front to the best advantage? Gentlemen, I will not detain you, it is this: The costumier meets out the dresses; the butcher 'dresses out' the meats. Gentlemen, you are discharged."

TO CHARITABLE CHESS-PLAYERS.—A good move at Easter time is—"cheque to his Bishop."

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRIAR.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It affords me no ordinary gratification to be the humble instrument in rendering these exquisitely obscure prose-poems—recking as they are with the self-consciousness of so magnificently triumphant an Ego—into the English tongue, though I am fully aware of the difficulty of preserving all the mystical unintelligibility of the original.

DUNNO WÄHRIAR is perhaps the most remarkable personality that his native Lapland has yet produced. He first saw the light on April 1, 1879, at Kandalax, so that he may still be called comparatively young. His impressionable, sensitive soul broke out in early revolt against the train-oil and tallow which formed the traditional nutriment of his family circle, and in 1883 we find him casting off the shackles of conventionality and escaping to Sweden in his sledge-perambulator. There he has lived ever since, and has already secured a foremost place among the greatest physiological psychologists of Scandinavia. As a morbid pathologist, he surpasses STRINDBERG; while in neurotic sensitiveness, he has hustled HANSSON into a back seat; easily beaten BJÖRNSON in diagnosis of the elusive emotions; and taken the indigestible cake of slack-baked symbolism from the master hand of LARSEN himself! Small wonder, then, that the commonest penwiper containing issues from his pen is eagerly sought after by admirers of such effusions.

He belongs ('tis true) to the Literary Upper Crust, and is for the few rather than the many; while so absolute has been his fidelity to the principles of his art, that he has published every one of his works at a considerable pecuniary loss.

Need I say more to ensure for him that respectful admiration which the public is ever ready to lavish upon anything they fail to understand?

Let me rather efface myself and leave DUNNO WÄHRIAR—or "Young GARNAWAY," as is his self-adopted pseudonym—to unfold the rhythmic charm of his own inimitable incomprehensibility.

BLIND ALLEY-GORY THE FIRST.

THE LOST BACKBONE.

One summer evening, when the moon was at the full, and cloud-shadows glided imperceptibly over the chimney-pots, as courses that have found no utterance and come dejectedly home to roost, I wandered into my back-garden, and caught the God of the Period napping in the moonshine on one of my celery-beds.

He rose up suddenly and reposed awhile in space, with his head resting on the back of the Great Bear, and one foot on the arm of Cassiopeia's Chair, while with the other he skimmed the cream off the Milky Way. And he seemed to be everywhere and yet nowhere in particular, and he said nothing, and I was afraid to make a remark—and there was no sound, save that of the boundless, inconceivable silence which was rumbling round the corner.

Presently he came down to the celery-bed once more.



"I saw many myriads of spectral kitten forms and unsubstantial egg-shapes."

"What are you seeking for so late?" asked he; "your face looks so long and solemn, and your eyes are hollow and full of woe. Have you been having anything indigestible for supper?"

"I am in trouble about Humanity," I replied; "for, though I loathe and despise them individually, collectively I love them dearly."

"What's the matter with Humanity?" asked the God, as he squatted amid the celery.

"They are growing so deadly dull," I answered. "I am Young GARNAWAY, the Pessimistic Prose Poet, and it pains me to see how utterly they have lost their perception of the ridiculous, which is the backbone of real enjoyment. So I came out to see if by any chance the backbone was hidden under one of the flower-pots."

The Period-God once more pervaded the endless space that glittered in darkling infinitude round about and right ahead of him. It seemed to me, when he returned, that he had been laughing; but suddenly I saw him pull himself together, and frown.

And from afar a gurgling rose through the gloom, and darkness fell upon my back-garden, knocking a basilisk off the waterbutt, and above the garden-walls there appeared a crowd of rude persons, in pot hats, with red lolling tongues and wide grinning mouths, holding their sides with inextinguishable mirth. All at once the giggles turned into the boing of Philistines, and there was a fantastic shadowy horseplay, which rolled nearer and nearer.

I saw many myriads of spectral kitten forms, and unsubstantial egg shapes rushing towards me through the air. Instinctively I ran indoors and gripped the umbrella from its corner, and stood on guard. Then I heard some one chuckling quite close to me, chuckling softly, but unmistakably. And the gloom lightened, and the garden-roller glimmered faintly in the moonlit summer night, and inside the lawn-mower lay the God of the Period crying with uncontrollable laughter.

"When the time comes," he said, "when mankind gets weary of Paraded Pessimism, and the Big Scandinavian Boom has burst, then I will conjure forth the Great Guffaw; and then it will be time for all Dyspeptic Decadents to get under their umbrellas—just as you did awhile ago, for mankind will have recovered its sense of humour, and will decline to take them seriously. But you had much better leave off bothering your head about that lost backbone, for you won't be happy when they get it!"

And while I was taking off my goloshes indoors, I heard again the sound of snapping celery sticks, as the Period-God rolled on the bed in ecstasies of stifled merriment, and I wondered at intervals what it was all about.

FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION.—"A MAN may change his skies," as the Roman poet puts it," quoth the *Daily Telegraph*, "but he does not so easily change his habits." The Academy is about to open. The pictures will soon be hung. Varnishing day comes, with last chance for alteration. Then comes in Latin poetic proverb, "A man may change his skies, but, do what he will, he cannot alter that peculiar style that marks the work as his, and nobody else's."

NEW PROVERB.—All "problem" and no "play" makes drama a dull joy.



SHOCKING HEATHENISM.

Rector. "SO YOU GO UP TO TOWN NEXT MONTH, MISS MARY. HOW I ENVY YOU! AND OF COURSE YOU'LL ATTEND THE MAY MEETINGS,"
 Miss Mary. "MAY MEETINGS! OH DEAR NO! THOUGH I ADORE HORSES, I QUITE DISAPPROVE OF RACING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron heartily welcomes the appearance of *Happy Thoughts* in French, under the very attractive style and title of *Fridoline*. No fear now of the *entente cordiale* between England and France being disturbed; and that is indeed *une "pensée" la plus "heureuse" ou "ingénieuse."* The dialogue with the patient angler who remains in the middle of the stream day after day, and, probably, night after night, is quite a little lesson in French.

"*Pris quelque chose?*" "Rien." "Pas mordu du tout?" "Une fois, je crois." Le pêcheur n'a pas perdu son calme, mais son air n'a rien de triomphant."

And the world goes on and the *mouvement* continues, and ever and anon the Happy Thoughter, returning to the river, finds the same man in the same boat in almost the same position. Then, before retiring for the night, the H. T. takes one turn on the lawn, "pour m'assurer," he says, "que je ne laisse rien derrière moi. Ah si! je laisse l'homme au bûche, toujours sa ligne en main. Il avait, paraît-il, un peu redescendu le courant. Bonne pêche?" "Non." "Pris quelque chose?" "Rien." Those who read "*entre les lignes*" may see in this figure of unrewarded patience and perseverance more than meets the eye. M. AURELIEN DE COURSON has done his work excellently well, "*avec l'autorisation de l'auteur.*"

"Fridoline."

I found a book on my table lying among a number of others put aside to be read at "a more convenient season." The title attracted me—*Cloes Pink*. Its leaves are of last autumn, but the story they tell is for ever. It is admirably written; its word-painting is the work of a true artist; but beginning brightly and gladly, as do the lives of the young hero and heroine, it ends sadly but sweetly. If you are not averse to a simple, well-told tale, with stirring incidents of modern warfare, graphically narrated, that stand out in startling contrast to the scenes of quiet English rural life, a story whose pathos and simple truth will touch you deeply, read *Cloes Pink*, says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



VERY CATCHING.

In the *Times* of Monday, April 2, appeared an advertisement headed "Lent, Lent—Fish, Fish." This meant, of course, that the season was Lent, not that the fishmonger was a lender of fish. And for the season it was Holy Week, i.e. last week of Lent. Then it goes on "Have you ordered your Good Friday's Dinner? If not, do so at once." Excellent and most timely advice, seeing it was given on the Monday preceding Good Friday. So far so good; but then comes "a reason why" which apparently quite upsets the kettle of fish. Here is the extract:—

"Having made contracts with a number of the leading trawl and line fishermen to take the whole of their prime fish caught during Easter week," &c., &c.

What on earth is the good of fish caught in Easter Week to the persons who have ordered it for the previous Friday? That's where the trouble is. The fishmonger is at sea as well as his good fishermen. If the advertisement had been headed "Lent and Easter" then it would have been evident that two different subjects were being dealt with, and "both caught with one fish," as Mrs. R. might say, adapting a proverb.



"To-morrow will be Fry day,
 So we'll catch our fish to-day."
Somebody's Song.

TEMPERATE TO INTEMPERATE.

FANATIC sophistries, I think,
 To logic's limits will have shrunk
 When zealot's recognize that "drunk"
 Is not identical with "drunk."
 Difference may be as great you see,
 'Twixt U and I as You and Me!

WORDSWORTH FOR WITLERS.—"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Anxious Musician (in a whisper, to Mrs. Lyon Hunter's butler). "WHERE'S MY 'CELLO?"
Butler (in stentorian tones, to the room). "SIGNOR WRENNICELLO!"

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE other day I went to this exhibition of sublime masterpieces. I was about to write a few comments, full of strange epithets and gushing praise, when a small girl came in with a lady. The child spoke so freely that I paused to listen. This was her criticism. "Oh, mother, what's that meant for? I can't see anything. Look at that lady! She's got no face at all. Oh, look at that other! She's funnier. What is she? A Spanish dancer? Do all Spanish dancers have knobby faces like you might make out of a potato? What are those people skating on? Is it cotton wool? Oh, mother, look there! What

an ugly lady! Why's she put all that red on her cheeks? What's all that other red there? Is it another lady? A church in Venice? What Olympia where you took me two years ago? Oh, mother, it can't be a church! Unless it's upside down. Or perhaps all the paints have run into one another like mine do. Oh, look! There's a picture of a washstand. Is it an advertisement of a furniture shop? Or is it meant for what father calls a slight wash in his water-colour drawings? What are those ladies dancing in sheets for? Is it sheets they've got on? Oh what a red face that gentleman's got! I don't think they paint very pretty ladies or gentlemen here. Oh, mother, look at that!

Why it's the funniest of all! Who are the two ladies? Why are their clothes slipping down? Why are their faces all crooked, and their eyes sideways? Are they meant to be pretty? I don't think they are. What do you say it is? Meant to be painted on the wall of a room? Is that why they look so funny? Why they look like Aunt KITTY, when she's going to have a sea bath, and when— Here the little maiden was suddenly dragged out of the room, and her shrill voice was heard no more. But her winged words are not forgotten by

A CRUSHED CRITIC.

AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

(A *Siesta Song*, from the *Burlesque Opera* "Little Liberal Majority," performed at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's.)

AIR—"Lazily, Drowsily."

WHEN gaily dances the Easter sun,
And shelved is each bothersome Bill,
Then work and talk for a time are done,
And the lobbies are hushed and still.

Lazily, lazily,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Home goes every one;
Lazily, lazily,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Under the April sun.
Old St. Stephen's closes;
Parliament reposes,
Lazily, lazily,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Forty winks, or fun!

When the sunlight falls on the Heath's
green breast,

And blue are the skies above,
Each seeks the rest that he loves the best,
Or the sport he doth chiefly love.

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Donkey riding 's fun!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Dawdling under the sun!

HARCOURT's eyelid closes,
BALFOUR blandly dozes;
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Under the Easter sun!

Joggle and jolt! These mokes won't bolt!
Each flops like an empty sack
On the broad back, shaggy as Shetland colt.

No donkey boy on their track!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Carelessly jogging on!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Under an Easter sun!
Lotos-Land discloses

No more bland reposes.
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Dawdle they under the sun!

"That LARRY was often a bore!" sighs WILL,

GROANS ARTY, "And so was JOE!"

To drive these donkeys demands small skill!

Would Westminster mokes were so!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily!

Riding like this is fun!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily!

Bless us! Who wants to run?

'Appy 'Amptstead dozes!

Mokes are beds of roses!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,

Jog we—till holiday's done!"

"THE OBJECTION TO EUCLID" of which we have heard so much recently is of very ancient standing, and is shared by nearly every schoolboy.

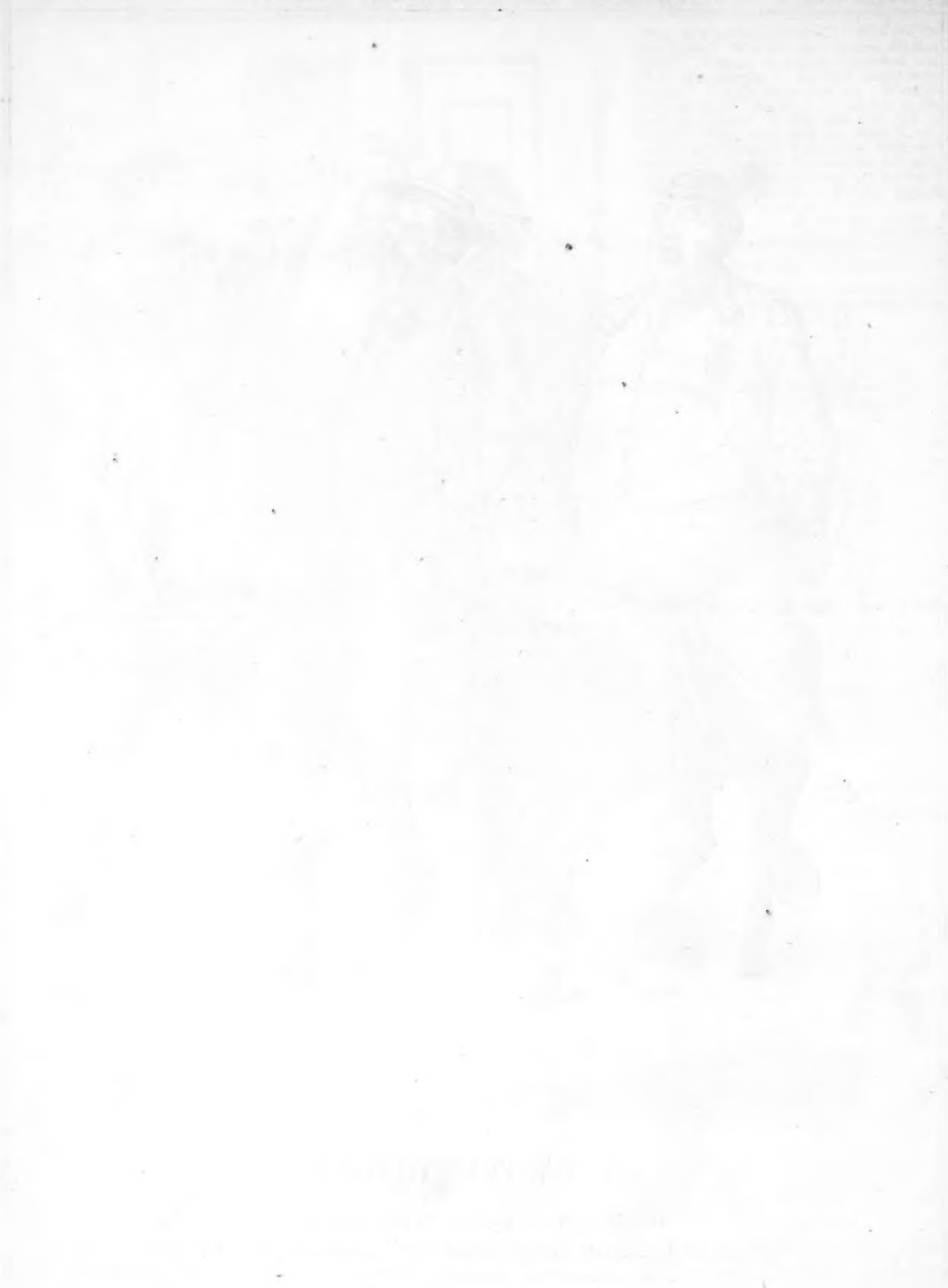
PARLIAMENTARY PROVERB.—There's many a slip 'twixt the M.P. and the "Whip!"



AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

Duet ('ARCOURT and HARTHUR sing while being jolted).

"LA-A-ZI-LY LA-A-ZI-LY! DROW-OW-OW-SILY! DROW-OW-OW-SILY!" &c.



MR. PUNCH AT A PICTURE SHOW.

(The Collection of Sir John Tenniel's Drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.)

AIR—"My Old Friend John."

'Tis forty years, my dear Sir JOHN,
Since you and I first met.
Lord, how the fleeting hours have flown!

But we foregather yet. [Pride—
I gaze on this brave show with
Fine art, still in full feather!

By Jove, it seems but yesterday
Since we were "boys" together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry
At our old Board together! [boys,

There's gladness in remembrance,
JOHN;

Your pencil-strokes struck true;
Through all the shifts of party life,
No pause that pencil knew.

We've missed old comrades one by
one;

Our friendship moults no feather;
Can forty years and more have run
Since we were "boys" together?

Since we were boys, merry, merry
At our old Board together! [boys,

I gaze and proudly ponder, JOHN;
I've seen them all before—

GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, DIZZY, BULL!
—Well done!!!

Fresh as in days of yore
The Big Cuts gleam. By sea and
stream,

Moor, mountain, ice-field, heather,
Force, grace, fair fun mark all
you've done.

Since we were "boys" together.

Chorus all "Round the Mahogany
Tree."

Since we were boys, merry, merry
So meet we, in full feather, [boys!

For many sunny years, Sir JOHN,
Still boys—at heart—together!

**FANCY PORTRAIT.**

SIR G-RGE L-W-S.

"BOLD OF YOUR WORTHINESS, WE SINGLE YOU
AS OUR BEST-MOVING FAIR SOLICITOR."

Love's Labour's Lost, Act II., Sc. 1.

**THE LAY OF THE LITTLE
MINORITY.**

AIR—"Little Buttercup."

I'm bumptious Minority—cocky
Minority

(Though I can hardly tell why),
My work is to worry poor weary

Majority,
Giving him one in the eye.

On Board or on Council I swagger
and bounce 'll.

And badger 'em out of their lives.
I claim all the graces, and all the

best places;
Thus cocky Minority thrives!

Majorities little of claim have no
tittle

To getting their own wicked way;
But cocky Minority has such au-

thority,
His should be absolute sway.

If things are at evens at—well,
say St. Stephen's,

Spring Gardens, wherever you
like,

'Tis a mere deadlock (like New
Woman wedlock),

And against Progress we strike.

If a Majority (small) claims autho-
To make the tiniest move, [rity

Then to prevent it, obstruct, cir-
cumvent it,

Must be my labour of love.

But a Minority's superiority
Is just as clear as the day.

Majorities (small) have one duty,
that's all,

'Tis—to let the Minority sway!

Then yield to Minority—cocky
Minority,

On Boards or of Council or School!
Hooray for Minority—bumptious

Minority!
Come—let Minority rule!

OUR NEXT LITTLE BATTLE.

(From our Prophetic Reporter, a trifle
in advance.)

NOWHAR, April 1.—Wett River crossed
yesterday in most brilliant style. Dashaway
Regiment carried landing at point of bayonet,



the Muffs keeping up
well-directed fire during
the entire operation.

However, they seemed
to feel effect of our artil-
lery and Maxims.

When landing ef-
fected, Sapping Miners
constructed iron bridge
(with glass covering to
protect the troops from
the rain) within five-

and-twenty minutes.
During the construction
Muffs fired continuously

at working parties. Flag-staffs riddled with
shot, consequently colours could not be run
up. A round from couple of quick-firing
guns cleared heights of human obstructions.

On completion of bridge, two troops of 147th
Irregular Francoers charged enemy with much
dash. As gallant horsemen approached
Muffs (numbering about twenty thousand)

concentrated their fire. For few minutes
Irregulars had to pass through perfect fog
of bullets. This ordeal did not damp their
courage; soon came to close quarters with
foe. In a moment Muffs were in confusion,
flying, before pursuing sabres. Irregulars

followed retreating enemy for many miles
with complete success.

While these operations being carried out
17th Battalion of Cutandthrust Regiment
made assault on fortress protecting right
flank of Muffs. Enemy opposed charge with
well-sustained artillery fire, which had it been
more judiciously directed might have caused
considerable annoyance. As it was, many
Cutandthrusts lowered their heads to allow
of undisturbed passage of shrapnell. On
reaching walls redcoats hopped over like
birds. Garrison stubbornly defended posi-
tion. Cutandthrusts extended, advancing in
their new formation. With wild cheer they
again charged. Although this advance caused
Muffs to fall back, they still retained their
ground. At this moment machine-guns of
battalion were brought into play with best
results. A couple of rounds immediately
broke up enemy's columns and put them to
flight. Muffs were then routed by 53rd Regi-
ment of Indian Tiger Eaters.

By midday position secured. At invitation
of bugles exploring party "ceased firing,"
and prepared for mess.

Later.—I have just received a return of
killed and wounded on both sides, which I
here give:—Muffs.—Killed, about 20,000;
wounded, twice as many more. British.—

Killed, none; wounded, No. 35,604,821
Private SMITH (Cutandthrust Regiment),
slight scratch on fourth finger of left hand.

NEW NAME FOR IT (by Brother Bung).—
Local Hop-shun!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

If half the things that CHLOE says to me,
If half the pretty kindnesses she shows,

By PHYLLIDA were shown or
said,

Without a tremor I would stake
my head

That I securely might propose
That she my bride would be.

Yet why? I know full well that
CHLOE means

Nothing at all. 'Tis but her
buoyant way,

Her frank "The best of friends,
that's all."

And yet the stricter GRUNDY
'twould appal

To hear the tender things we
say

Between our quarrel-scenes.

If one full-leaping pulse's beat
Beyond the coldest courtesy's demand

I trespass on sweet PHYLLIDA's ozy hand,
The thrill is shiv'ring by her quick retreat,

Her fingers stiffen like a fossil fin,
And I again, a SISYPHUS, begin

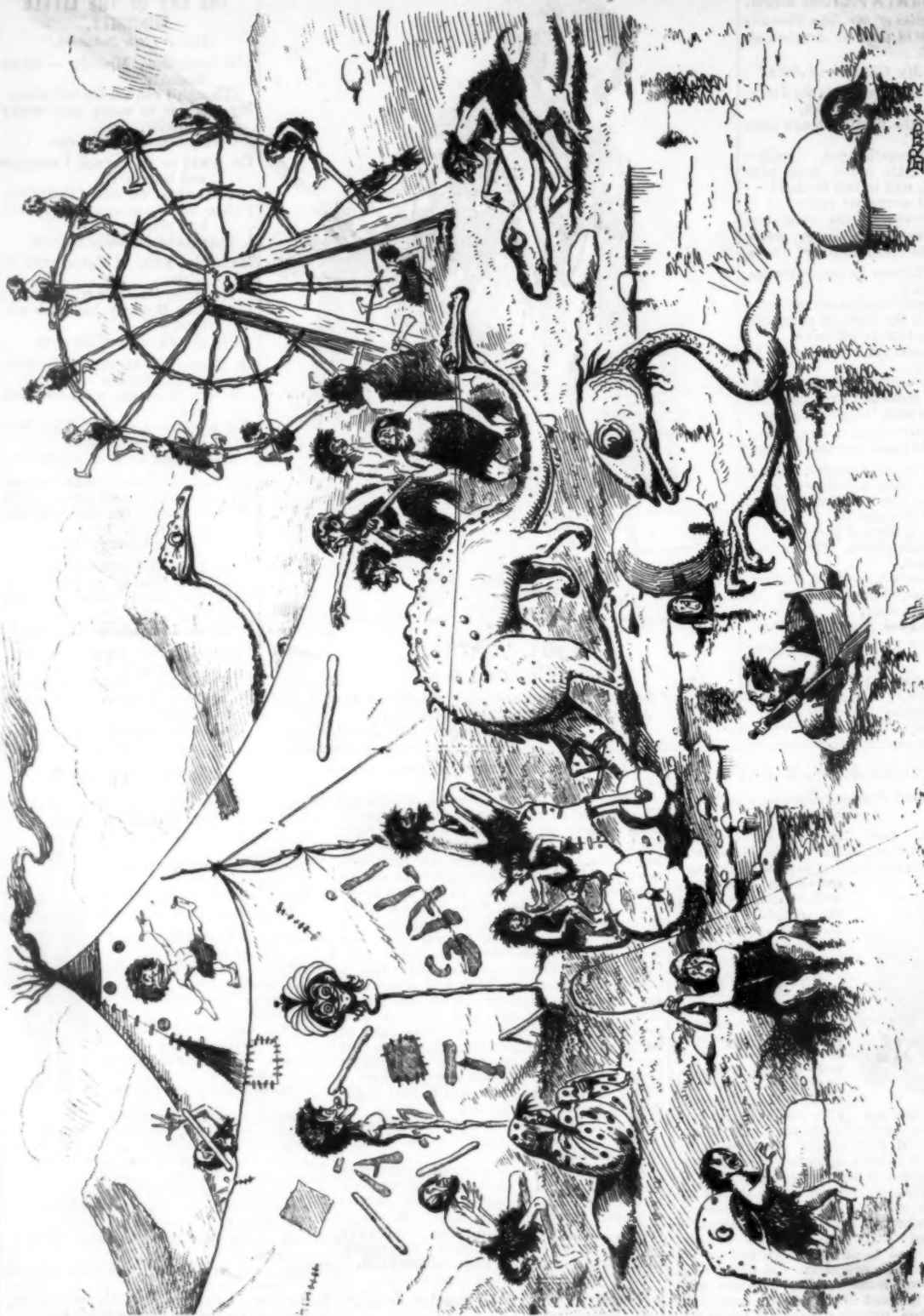
The task of charming her reserve au'sere,
Palsied by Love's false fear,

Which drives the lover's chances down to
zero.

While some cadaverous and long-obinn'd
hero

Talks from a height rain'd by his own conceit,
And my white goddess listens at his feet.





PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THERE WERE SEASONS (CORRESPONDING TO OUR EASTER, &c.) WHEN THE INHABITANTS OF ONE ACCORD GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO RELAXATION AND AMUSEMENT!

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THERE'S a wondrous fairy kingdom

Whither all may take a trip—

Quite an inexpensive journey,

It is not by rail or ship—

For it lies just where you fancy,

And a pleasant thing it seems

For a man to sojourn sometimes

In the land of dreams.

'Tis the land where man attaineth

To the end of his desire,

Where the minor poet warbles

And the laurel crowns his lyre:

It is there the sucking statesman

Works out Machiavellian schemes,

And young BRIEFLESS is a leader

In the land of dreams.

'Tis the land of fur and feather,

'Tis the paradise of sport,

Where the runs beat all recounted

O'er the walnuts and the port:

It is there the pheasant rocketeers,

It is there the covert teams,

And your powder's always straightest

In the land of dreams.

There with ease the patient golfer

Plays a record medal-round,

And the batsman get his hundred,

Hitting clean all round the ground;

There old IZAAK's keen disciple

Thraashes quite ideal streams,

For he angles most "completely"

In the land of dreams.

'Tis a land where someone meets you

You may never meet elsewhere,

'Tis a land where words are whispered:

You may whisper only there;

'Tis the home of youth and sunshine

Where you taste of joy's extremes,

For, of course, there's someone loves you

In the land of dreams.

'Tis a land of peace and quiet,

Free from yelling paper-boys,

And from Germany's musicians,

And offensive kinds of noise:

There the organ-grinder grinds not,

There no restive infant screams,

Oh, to spend one's whole existence

In the land of dreams!

'Tis a land where rates and taxes

Never need be brooded on,

And the cupboard is unfurnished

With the homely skeleton:

There the roses all are thornless,

Life is destitute of seams,

And, in short, its worth the living

In the land of dreams.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

(Who accepted some verses.)

You take my lines, and say that you
Appreciate my humble verses.



That's more than editors will do,
Or publishers, with bloated purses.
To gain your thanks in such a way,
I'd write you verses night and day.

You don't return them, saying you
Regret you cannot now accept them.

Or, scrawled with marks in blatant blue,
To show that, ruined, you have kept them.
If you would pay me with a smile,
I'd write you verses by the mile.



First Boy. "GIVE US A BITE OF YOUR APPLE, BOB."

Second Boy. "SHAN'T."

First Boy. "WHAT FOR?"

Second Boy. "'COS YEE AXED ME!"

(After a pause.)

Small Boy. "GI' ME A BITE, BOB. I NEVER AXED YEE!"

If you could only say that you
Would like me for my admiration,
To sing your charms till all was blue
Would be delightful occupation.
If I could hope to win a kiss,
I'd write you fifty miles like this.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night,

April 8. — House to-night presented that

appearance seen only on big occasions.

Long unfamiliar in slough of despond in

which present House been steeped since

Session opened. Every seat on either side

occupied. Members sitting on Gangway

steps, flooding the side galleries, blocking

the Bar, peopling even the steps of the Chair.

ARTHUR PEEL is leaving historic stage graced

through eleven years in fashion that has

added fresh fame to an illustrious name.

On ordinary occasions when SPEAKER rises

to address House on current topics of business,

Members who chance to have their hats

on keep them there. Now, when the stately

figure is discovered standing under the

canopy of the Chair, Members without concert,

but with one accord, bare their heads.

Throughout a moving scene, which crammed

much into fifteen minutes, nothing more striking than this simultaneous, swift uncovering of the head, and the transformation that followed when the rare sunlight, streaming in from western windows, fell upon five hundred unshaded faces all turned towards the tall, gowned figure standing by the Chair.

The speech will be read to-morrow by millions, who will find it word for word and sentence by sentence in the newspapers. But the reader will gain but faint idea of the impression the delivery produced. The historic place, the animated scene, the electric current of such a gathering, were much. The effect was perfected by the elocution of the SPEAKER, perhaps the most perfect development of an attractive but dangerous art possessed by living man.

What possibilities underlie its possession were wonderfully recognised in the last days of the late Parliament, when the directors of the Cambrian Railway Company were brought to the Bar of the House in connection with the dismissal of a station-master who had given unwelcome evidence before a Select Committee. House in the ludicrous pickle which invariably follows on Privilege proceedings. Directors summoned to attend were somewhere in the lobby. If it had been permissible to follow

Dogberry's example in similar circumstances—to take no note of directors, but let them go and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God they were rid of the knaves—it would have been well. But, directors being solemnly summoned, must needs be adequately dealt with. Finally resolved that **SPEAKER** should admonish them. Amid much giggling on part of hysterically uneasy House, conscious of its own ludicrous position, directors brought in and ranged at Bar. Then **SPEAKER** stood up and “most seriously admonished” them.

No one present will forget the awesome mien, the terrible voice, with which the task was performed. At a touch farce was transformed into tragedy. Dignity of House, sorely imperilled, triumphantly vindicated. To-night the **SPEAKER's** phrasing was perfect. Its setting in the delivery is untranslatable in speech or written word.

Business done.—**Speaker** announces resignation. **SQUIRE OF MALWOOD** brings in Local Veto Bill.

Tuesday.—“Poof!” said **SARK**, mopping his brow: “glad that’s over. No knowing where it might have ended. Danger of last scene in **SPEAKER's** leave-taking closing amid burst of irritated laughter. When I was first returned, we thought two leaders enough for one House. There was the Government man on the Treasury Bench, the Leader of Opposition on bench opposite. When ceremonial business to be done, these two spoke and the whole House agreed that its opinions had found expression. House rapidly growing into position akin to home forces of Prince of Monaco. Nearly as many captains as privates.”

These remarks wrung from troubled breast by long, at one anxious moment apparently interminable, procession of orators in support of resolution thanking retiring **SPEAKER** for services in Chair. **SQUIRE OF MALWOOD** said right thing in admirable way. **PRINCE ARTHUR**, less ornate in phrase, supplied a perfect second. These speeches voiced feeling of Ministerialists and Opposition. Some reasonableness in **JUSTIN MCCARTHY's** interposition, he being leader of distinct party which, as he hinted, had in earlier days done battle with **SPEAKER**. But really,



Farewell to Mr. Speaker Peel.

when it came to **JOSEPH** saying a few words for his merry men, and **JOHN REDMOND** tuning afresh the Irish harp on behalf of his, prospect grew alarming. If these leaders of sections within a division felt called upon to make speeches on such occasion, why not **JOHN BURNS** as a Labour Leader, with **KERR HARDIN** to follow as captain of the Independent Labour Party; **OSBORNE MORGAN**, purged of profligacy, speaking for Wales, followed by **LLOYD-GEORGE** from below the Gangway; **WILFRID LAWSON** for the Temperance party; **Private HANBURY** as representing the land forces of the Busy B's; **Captain TOMMY BOWLES** the naval; **JACOB BRIGHT** returning thanks for the ladies, **WALTER M'LAREN** speaking specially for the section who desire to marry their deceased husband's brother? Domesticity thus trod upon, **Baron DE WORMS**, with wistful “Long-Lost-Deer-Father” look on his face, might close the list by a few words spoken on behalf of the family circle.

To-day stopped a little short of this; but shall doubtless go the whole way next time opportunity presents itself. *Business done.*—Thanks of House voted to **SPEAKER**.

Wednesday.—By contrast with ordered speech-making of yesterday afternoon scene that took place in earliest moments of the new day's birth prettier by far. For upwards of an hour Members passing out homewards stopped to shake the **SPEAKER's** hand and bid him farewell. Just before quarter of hour chimed after midnight, **ARTHUR PEEL** spoke his last words in House of Commons.

“The question is,” he said, “that this House do now adjourn.”

As he turned to leave the Chair, Members present sprang to feet, cheering continuously till **ARTHUR PEEL**, for the last time robed in **Speaker's** wig and gown, passed out of sight.

For Loehaber no more, Loehaber no more.

We'll maybe return to Loehaber no more.

La roi est mort. Vive le roi. **WILLIAM COURT GULLY** elected **Speaker** by majority of 11 in House of 556 Members.

Business done.—Elected new **Speaker**, and immediately give him ten days' holiday. Adjourn till Monday 22nd.

A STUDY IN ETHNOLOGY.

UPON my luck I still reflect,
That led us to the same Museum:
I greeted you with staid respect,
But my heart sang its own *Te Deum*,
And blessed your Uncle, ere I wist,
For being an ethnologist!

On old Assyrian spoils intent,
Our very presence he forgot,
While we o'er strings of wampum bent—
We saw them and we saw them not.
He lived within a past long dead,
We, in the seconds as they sped.

Within a carven mirror old,
Suddenly, as we wandered by,
You looked upon your hair of gold
And flushing face, and so did I.
Then on we passed: a vault we found,
And PHARAOH's coffin, underground.

Oh, if his phantom ever stood
Beside the coffin made for him,
And saw you in your joyous mood,
With your bright eyes and figure slim,
King PHARAOH might have envied us
Beside his old sarcophagus!

But, PHARAOH, we, remembering
The ancient creed that souls of men
May see the summer and the spring,
May live again, and love again,
A moment wished the tale were true,
Because—it seemed so hard on you!

WANTED IN THE WORLD OF “ART.”—A Spring Clean!

TO A YOUNG ACTRESS.

You regret that all you do
Is to be a lady who
Just walks on—a smile or two,
Then you're gone;
For you think that any gawk
Would be good enough to walk,
You undoubtedly should talk
When you're “on.”



You are but a sort of show.
Silence for a girl is slow,
Speech is woman's right, I know
That is true,
And although your pretty face
Charms beholders by its grace,
You would like a higher place,
Wouldn't you?

But we cannot all have “leads,”
Nicely suited to our needs,
To excel in words and deeds,
Don't you see?

So, if you desire to speak,
I am not so far to seek,
I would listen for a week—
Talk to me.

SOMETHING YET!—“Mr. G.” is a proficient in several languages. In Italian, as well as in Latin, in ancient and modern Greek, he can, we believe, converse fluently, when anyone gives him a chance. With Russian he may be acquainted, for, as this is “caviare to the general,” it may be equally so to an ex-prime-minister. With Spanish Mr. G. is, probably, not on speaking terms, though, no doubt he is well up in the niceties of the language; and there are many spoken languages of which he possesses more than a smattering. But the accomplished scholar has yet something to learn from one **RICHARD CUMBERLAND**, a bishop in the last century, not the playwright, of whom it is on record that, being a proficient in most ancient and modern languages, he “began to learn Coptic at the age of eighty-three!” Although Mr. G. has gone very far north, yet has he not at present got up to **CUMBERLAND**.

A SUGGESTION.—There are two excellent waters, Apollinaris and Johannis, known to everyone as “Polly” and “Jo.” Might not the two companies amalgamate, and reproduce the success of “My ‘Poi” and my Partner ‘Jo.”

LATEST EQUIVALENT FOR “THE EAST WIND,” AS REPLENISHMENT FOR HUNGRY STOMACHS.—The Royal Commission on the Aged Poor.

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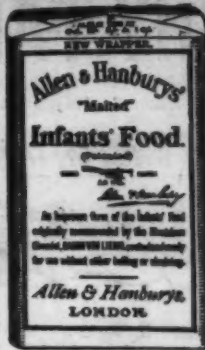
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